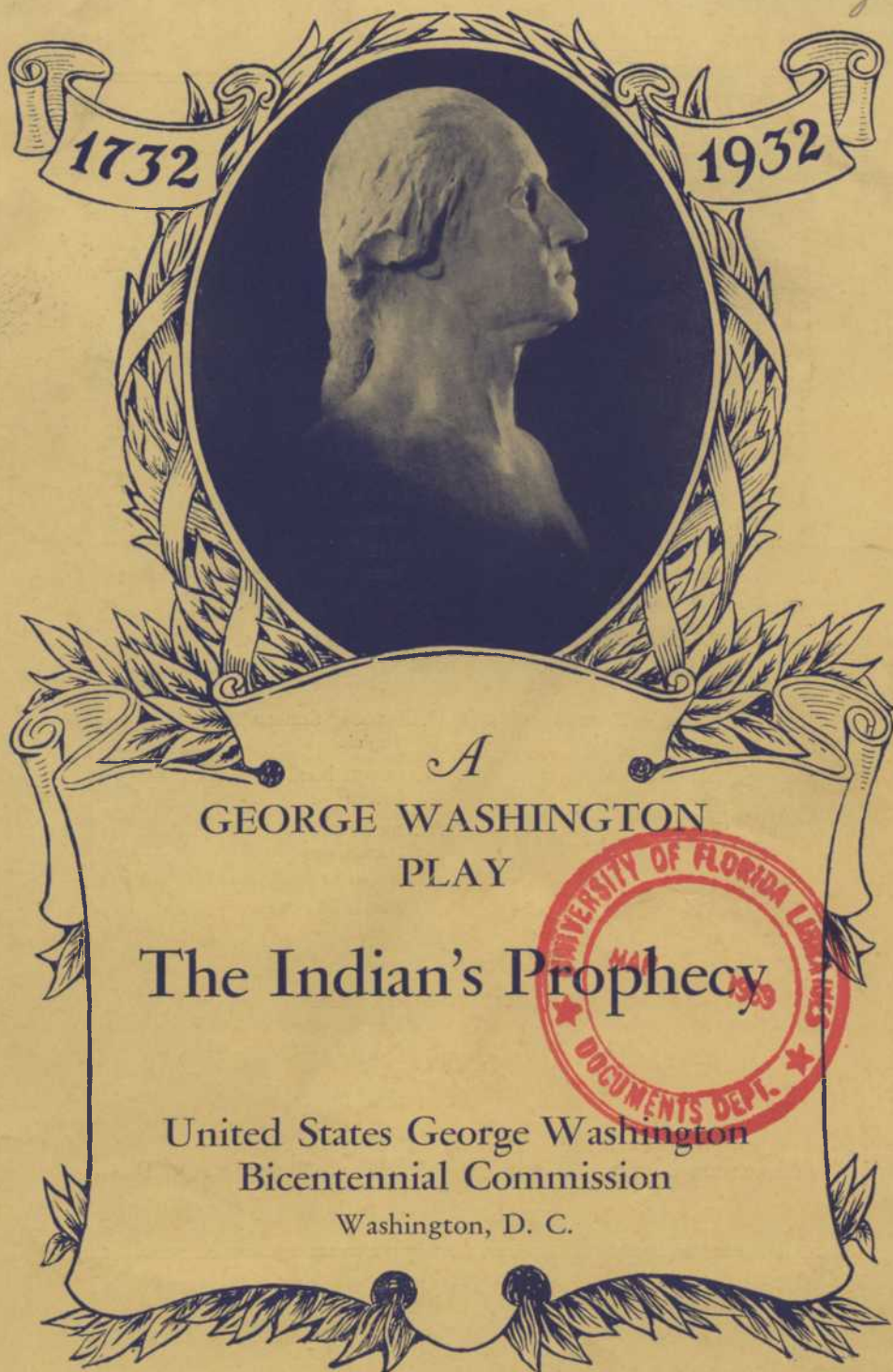


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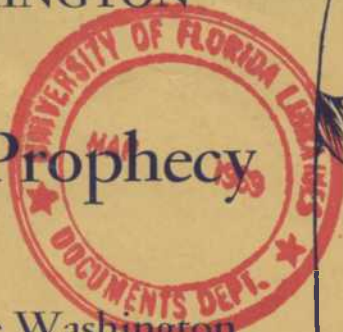


A
GEORGE WASHINGTON
PLAY

The Indian's Prophecy

United States George Washington
Bicentennial Commission

Washington, D. C.



UNITED STATES GEORGE WASHINGTON BICENTENNIAL COMMISSION

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EXECUTIVE OFFICES: WASHINGTON BUILDING, WASHINGTON, D. C.

THE INDIAN'S PROPHECY

(A PLAY IN ONE ACT)

BY

MAJOR R. B. LAWRENCE

A

George Washington Play

Written for the

Bicentennial Celebration

in 1932

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By SOL BLOOM

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without royalty fee.*

UNITED STATES GEORGE WASHINGTON

BICENTENNIAL COMMISSION

WASHINGTON, D. C.

FOREWORD

The George Washington Bicentennial Celebration in 1932 affords an opportunity for child and adult, student and teacher; for clubs, schools and churches; for civic, fraternal, cultural, patriotic, and dramatic organizations; for both the American and the foreign born in our midst, to give wide expression to forms of dramatic entertainment and enlightenment concerning the life of George Washington.

To satisfy the great demand for authentic historical and effective dramatic material about General Washington and his time, the Commission is publishing a series of plays and pageants of which this one-act play, *The Indian's Prophecy*, is representative.

The object of this play is to portray the true character of George Washington as the writer conceived it to be. In the main, the characters and the scenes are faithful pictures of persons, events and crises. Whatever departure is made from strict historical accuracy is done with the idea of enhancing the dramatic effectiveness of the play.

The actual production of the play must, of course, be left to the discretion and skill of the director and to the enthusiasm of the actors in portraying the roles which represent many of the greatest characters in American history.

Since the United States George Washington Bicentennial Commission offers a wide variety of historical material, to aid in the production of the plays under given needs and auspices, we invite you, whether you be a professional or an amateur, to participate with us in reliving and reënacting in play and pageant the life of THE FATHER OF HIS COUNTRY.

SOL BLOOM,
Associate Director.

DRAMATIS PERSONAE

(IN ORDER OF THEIR APPEARANCE)

COLONEL ROGERS, *of the British Army.*DOCTOR CRAIK, *a friend and companion of Washington.*CRAWFORD, *a woodsman and guide of the party.*AMES }
HARE } *Frontiersmen.*ANUNDAHA, *an Indian, Messenger of the Grand Sachem.*

COLONEL GEORGE WASHINGTON.

THE GRAND SACHEM.

FRONTIERSMEN, INDIANS and SURVEYORS.

The cast can be enlarged to as many Frontiersmen and Indians as desired.

TIME: *Toward evening, late summer of 1770.*PLACE: *Washington's camp on the Kanawah.*

DESCRIPTION OF CHARACTERS

COLONEL ROGERS:

A middle-aged officer of the British army. May be dressed in the uniform of the English Army or in traveling clothes of the period. He is booted and wears a sword. Hair worn in a queue.

DR. CRAIK:

Forty years of age, staunch friend and admirer of WASHINGTON. Dressed much the same as WASHINGTON.

CRAWFORD:

A middle-aged frontiersman, tall, sinewy, bronzed. A fine type of colonial woodsman; crude, sincere, straight forward. He wears doeskin Indian hunting shirt, leggings and a coonskin cap. His own hair worn in a queue. At his belt a hunting knife and tomahawk; in his hands a long rifle.

AMES and HARE:

Men of the type of CRAWFORD, dressed the same.

ANUNDAHA:

An Indian, stripped to waist, doeskin leggings, ornamental breech-cloth. Wears amulets, beads, etc. Carries scalping knife and tomahawk.

COLONEL GEORGE WASHINGTON:

Is thirty-eight years of age, six feet three inches tall, in weight about two hundred and ten pounds, large-boned but well-proportioned; dignified and commanding though modest in deportment. His complexion bronzed by an outdoor life, his features strong, his hair light brown in color and tied in a queue. He is dressed in Colonial clothes of a dark serviceable quality, wears boots, three-cornered hat and a military coat.

GRAND SACHEM:

An old Indian chief with a majestic dignity. Noted as an orator. Wears an imposing feathered headdress and handsome bedecked Indian garments, with blanket. Carries tomahawk and scalping knife.

INDIANS:

Dressed in tribal costumes and armed with tomahawks and scalping knives, rifles or bows and arrows. Many of them with blankets.

SURVEYORS and FRONTIERSMEN:

The surveyors are dressed in rough Colonial costumes, some in shirt sleeves with vests, and tricorn hats. Frontiersmen dressed as CRAWFORD, AMES and HARE, and armed with rifles which are always near at hand; at their belts, knives.

SET: *A wooded glen on the banks of the Ohio River, with a vista through the trees showing the river and the mountains in the distance. At the right an outcropping of rocks forms a higher level about three*

feet above the level of the stage. In the center the smouldering embers of a camp-fire, over it a kettle suspended on saplings. It is late summer evening and at the end of the scene the sun sinks behind the distant mountains. Blanket-rolls and camp paraphernalia are arranged in an orderly manner. At the extreme left, rear, can be seen a portion of a tent and the prows of birch-bark canoes near the river.

The woodland setting permits of beautiful scenic effects and the costumes of the frontiersmen and the Indians lend additional color to the picture.

At the right front COLONEL ROGERS and DR. CRAIK are sitting on fallen logs or rocks. The FRONTIERSMEN and SURVEYORS are gathered in a group at the left rear a bit withdrawn from the fire.

DR. CRAIK: You leave us on the morrow, Colonel?

ROGERS: I regret that other duties necessitate my going.

DR. CRAIK: Colonel Washington will be sorry to see you depart.

ROGERS: Faith, that pleases me. In this short acquaintance I have acquired a fervent admiration for the man.

DR. CRAIK: 'Tis ever so with those who come in contact with him.

ROGERS: Not many men of his standing would take all this trouble for others.

DR. CRAIK: He believed that the men in the Colonies who fought during the French and Indian war should be rewarded.

[Noting a stir among the men DR. CRAIK, ROGERS and CRAWFORD turn and see them gazing at the outcropping where on the higher level stands ANUNDAHA, his right arm with open hand held aloft in a token of peace. Some of the men who had grasped their rifles lay them down. CRAWFORD rises and steps toward the Indian.]

CRAWFORD: Who is this that comes with a sign of peace?

ANUNDAHA: Anundaha, of the Iroquois.

CRAWFORD: Anundaha! Methinks we have met before.

ANUNDAHA: By the banks of the Monongahela.

CRAWFORD: Well I remember. Whom do you seek?

ANUNDAHA: The White Chief of the Long-knives.

CRAWFORD: Colonel Washington? [ANUNDAHA *nods*.]

He returns anon. What would you with him?

ANUNDAHA: I am the messenger of the Grand Sachem.

CRAWFORD: [*Astonished*.] The Grand Sachem?

ANUNDAHA: He would hold talk with the White Chief.

CRAWFORD: Whereabouts the Grand Sachem?

ANUNDAHA: [*Points to forest*.] He comes.

CRAWFORD: Anundaha, tell the Grand Sachem that Washington, the Chief of the Long-knives, will welcome him to his fire.

[ANUNDAHA *nods and disappears into the forest*.]

HARE: [*To CRAWFORD*.] Better I keep an eye on the varment.

CRAWFORD: Aye, Hare. We're a small party. Ye can't never tell.

[HARE *craftily follows ANUNDAHA into the forest*.]

DR. CRAIK: [*To CRAWFORD*.] Is not the Grand Sachem he who commanded the French Indian Allies at the defeat of Braddock?

CRAWFORD: Aye. The same.

[CRAIK, ROGERS and CRAWFORD *return to their original places*.]

ROGERS: Think you they come in peace?

CRAWFORD: I reckon they do.

ROGERS: But you had a man follow the Indian.

CRAWFORD: If yer wise, ye'll take no chances in the forest.

DR. CRAIK: As Colonel Washington told General Braddock.

ROGERS: Poor Braddock. He would not listen.

CRAWFORD: 'Tis ever the way with British officers.

ROGERS: Ever?

CRAWFORD: They's too stiff-necked to take a Colonial's advice.

ROGERS: I say, now—

CRAWFORD: Lucky fer the rest of Braddock's force that Colonel Washington was in that fight—

DR. CRAIK: Indeed, 'twas fortunate.

CRAWFORD: —ur their scalps 'ud all be curin' in the wigwams of the redskins.

DR. CRAIK: You forget, Crawford, Colonel Rogers is an officer of the King's Army.

CRAWFORD: An I'm hopin' he l'arns sumpthin' from him bein' here. Not many Britishers do.

ROGERS: [*Amused.*] You speak of me as a Britisher, are you not also a subject of the King?

CRAWFORD: This is a King's Colony. But, Sir, I am an American.

ROGERS: [*Laughing.*] Well! Well! I say? Doctor, what a spirit of independence is growing in the Colonies!

DR. CRAIK: [*Seeking to change the subject.*] We were speaking of the battle on the Monongehala, a favorite subject of mine. I was there.

ROGERS: You were?

DR. CRAIK: Yes, I witnessed the gallantry of Colonel Washington.

CRAWFORD: An' there's another amongst us who was there that knows.

ROGERS: I would have speech with him.

CRAWFORD: [*Turning to the group of Frontiersmen.*] Hi! Jonathan Ames, the Colonel would have speech with thee.

[*AMES comes forward and stands silently near the three.*]

ROGERS: I hear you were with General Braddock?

AMES: I was with Colonel Washington.

ROGERS: Then you saw the Colonel in action on the Monongahela?

AMES: Aye, so I did.

ROGERS: I am told he has a cool head in action.

AMES: 'Tis more than a cool head he has.

ROGERS: Then he displayed other qualities?

AMES: He had to. I never seed a man that could be in more places at once; trying to rally the scart Britishers who was arunnin' every which-a-way; directin' the fire of us Colonials; chargin' into the red varmints in a tarin' rage; pointin' a cannon and firin' it hisself.

I seed one horse shot down under him an they tells me another went down with him a bit later.

ROGERS: I understand 'tis a miracle he lived throughout the day.

AMES: Aye, with them British cowards shootin' at friend as well as foe.

DR. CRAIK: A truce with your tongue, man. 'Tis not be-seeming that you, a British subject, should so speak of the King's Regimentals.

AMES: Didn't I seed 'em with my own eyes? Them redcoats that looked down on the likes of us Colonials and laughed at Colonel Washington behind his back.

DR. CRAIK: Tut, Tut, man!

AMES: Didn't I seed 'em turn pale at the first war-whoop of the red varmints, then turn tail and run to save their hair?

ROGERS: They were surprised, ambushed. Indian fighting was new to them.

AMES: An' it was their own fault. Colonel Washington knowed the ways of the savages and he tried to tell 'em.

DR. CRAIK: I, too, was at the Monongahela, Ames. Practically every British officer was killed or wounded in that engagement. They were brave though misguided men.

CRAWFORD: Huh! Brave!

DR. CRAIK: They were bewildered, but remember, man, the King's troops have written too glorious a record on the pages of history——

AMES: So!

DR. CRAIK: —for anyone so to speak of them.

AMES: Uh huh, but I'd bet a hunnerd guineas, if I had it, or Old Betsy [*Patting the stock of his rifle*] that a company of Colonial Militia under Colonel Washington could give a wallop in' to any three companies of British Regulars.

DR. CRAIK: God grant the time never comes that the Colonies must fight the Motherland!

CRAWFORD: It'll come all right if they don't give us our

just dues. This here Stamp Act and the tax on tea's just a sample o' the treatment we git from the King.

ROGERS: You are being treated justly in the granting of lands.

CRAWFORD: Aye, and didn't the ministry oppose the grantin' of lands to us as won the Forks of the Ohio for 'em?

DR. CRAIK: Finally they were granted when Colonel Washington was so insistent in the matter.

CRAWFORD: The Colonel fights fer what he thinks is right, and if the Britishers go too far he'll fight 'em.

ROGERS: Why, Crawford, you are talking sedition. One would believe, from your speech, that you were from Boston Town.

CRAWFORD: Aye, and I stand with the Bostoners against the right of the King to tax the Colonies.

AMES: What right has old fat George to tax the likes of us?

ROGERS: [*Rising in anger.*] I will not allow any man so to speak of His Majesty the King.

DR. CRAIK: Ames, you are going too far!

AMES: I say what I please to any man. And mayhap, if the King hisself was here, I'd say the same to his face.

ROGERS: [*Furious.*] Withdraw those words, man, or I will give you the chastising you deserve. [*Rests his hand on the hilt of his sword.*]

AMES: I withdraw my words fer no man. Chastise me? Try it! [*As they stand glaring at each other, WASHINGTON comes out of the forest, stops on the higher level of the outcropping, and surveys the scene before him. He is followed by HARE. The Frontiersmen and the others have gathered about the belligerents and are not aware of his presence.*]

DR. CRAIK: Ames, your conduct is unwarranted. Colonel, you—

ROGERS: [*To CRAIK*] Don't interfere, Sir! [*To AMES.*] Retract, I say!

AMES: Never!

ROGERS: Then by the Eternal, I'll—! [*Draws his sword.*]

WASHINGTON: Stop! What means this?

[WASHINGTON steps down from the rocks, strides forward and stands between the combatants. The others draw back to a respectful distance.]

DR. CRAIK: You have arrived in the nick of time, Sir.

WASHINGTON: Colonel Rogers, why have you drawn the sword?

ROGERS: This ignorant fellow has insulted His Majesty the King. He will not retract. I would chastise the man.

WASHINGTON: Ames, we have been comrades in the service of the King. I have long known you to be a brave man and trustworthy, but you have a ready tongue and a temper not always under control.

AMES: All I sed was: What right had old fat George to tax us? And I bean't going to retract them words.

WASHINGTON: It is not beseeming for one of your known courage so to speak of another when he is not present. Neither do I expect a guest to be insulted by one of my men.

AMES: I didn't insult him, Colonel.

WASHINGTON: You insulted the King of Great Britain. To an Englishman, the King represents his government, an insult to one is an insult to the other.

CRAWFORD: Aye, 'tis true.

WASHINGTON: Could you expect a brave officer, like Colonel Rogers, to sit quietly by and not resent your remark?

AMES: [*A bit crestfallen, scratches his head.*] It bean't my idea to insult your guest, Sir. But the King ain't got no right to tax us Colonials, just the same.

WASHINGTON: Very well, Ames. Remember, we are passing through troublesome times when it is best for every man to keep a close tongue. [*Alters his tone.*] See that the instruments are properly cared for—night will soon be upon us. [*Turns to COLONEL ROGERS as AMES and the others draw away.*] Colonel, I request that you sheath your sword. [*With a smile.*] That is the nearest to an apology anyone can get from a Virginian forester.

ROGERS: Sir, I regret the hastiness of my temper and I should have considered the source of the remark. [*Sheathes his sword.*]

WASHINGTON: Colonel, these men have strong opinions on the rights of the Colonies.

ROGERS: I have noted this growing spirit of sedition.

WASHINGTON: For which I can not help but honor them.

ROGERS: Sir, you don't mean—? You can not mean that you—a man of your position—can be possessed of the same sentiments as Crawford and this fellow Ames?

WASHINGTON: We were all reared in Virginia. We will ever stand on our rights as freeborn citizens.

ROGERS: Nevertheless, you stand for the King against all others.

WASHINGTON: You place me in a position where I am loath to stand. Silence could mean acquiescence and I would not care to deceive by holding my tongue.

ROGERS: You don't mean—!

WASHINGTON: A crisis is fast approaching when every man must take his stand for King or Colony. Sometime the line will be drawn and we must take our respective positions on one side or the other of it. And I am clearly of the opinion that the line ought to be drawn, for the rights of the Colonies must be clearly ascertained.

ROGERS: I can not believe that you would ever oppose the will of your King.

WASHINGTON: Until such time as our freedom is withdrawn, we will be loyal subjects of the King. When the time comes, however, that the rights of Americans, as provided in our charters, are abrogated, then, sir, we Americans will be for our Colonies and against those who would oppress us.

[*ROGERS is astonished, then thoughtfully studies*

WASHINGTON, as the COLONEL turns to CRAWFORD, who has come up.]

CRAWFORD: An Indian messenger has been here.

WASHINGTON: So Hare informed me.

CRAWFORD: The Grand Sachem comes. He of the Monongahela.

WASHINGTON: A venerable man, the leader of many tribes.

ROGERS: No doubt the savages consider a visit from this Grand Sachem a signal honor.

WASHINGTON: And so I consider it. There is much in the Indian character that I admire. 'Tis sad to think that he must give up his forests to settlement.

ROGERS: And do you think, Sir, that many settlers will come to these lands of the Ohio?

WASHINGTON: Some day, when you and I have passed away, these hills and dales will be under cultivation and prosperous cities will be built upon the streams, even to the far reaches beyond the Alleghenies and the waters of the Mississippi, and thousands will come, from across the seas, to settle these lands. That, I veritably believe.

ROGERS: You then have greater faith in the people who will make this broad land their home?

[HARE comes hurriedly into the camp.]

HARE: The Grand Sachem comes. [Points to the left wing.]

[They all turn as the GRAND SACHEM enters, followed by his tribesmen. He is a striking figure of an Indian, of advanced age and noble mien. He steps toward WASHINGTON and they meet in the center of the stage. For a long moment they gaze at each other.]

WASHINGTON: I am honored that the Grand Sachem comes to sit by our council fire and partake of the all-too-humble fare we place before him. [At WASHINGTON'S gesture the GRAND SACHEM seats himself by the fire and WASHINGTON takes his place beside him. One of the men, at a signal from WASHINGTON, offers the GRAND SACHEM a piece of venison taken from the kettle, but the Indian shakes his head.] Crawford, from the stores, a bottle of claret. [The Chief refuses to drink.] A pipe for the Grand Sachem. [When the pipe is brought the Chief waves it aside.] Heap fuel upon the council fire. [Some of the men bring wood for the fire, the flames mount. The GRAND SACHEM finally rises. WASHINGTON also rises and stands with folded arms.]

GRAND SACHEM: I am a chief and ruler over many tribes. The hunting grounds of my people extend from the thunder of the Onigara and the Great Lakes to the far blue mountains. I have traveled the long and weary path of the wilderness road that I might once again look upon the young warrior of the great battle. By the waters of the Monongahela, we met the soldiers of the King beyond the Seas, who came to drive from the land my French Brothers. They came into the forest with much beating of drums and many flags flying in the breeze. Like a blind wolf they walked into our trap and the faces of these red-clad warriors turned pale at the sound of our war-whoop. It was a day when the white man's blood mixed with the streams of our forests, and 'twas then I first beheld this Chief. [*Points to WASHINGTON.*] I called my young men and said: "Mark yon tall and daring warrior! He is not of the redcoat tribe, he is of the Long-knives. He hath an Indian's wisdom. His warriors fight as we do—himself alone is exposed to our fire. Quick! Let your aim be certain and he dies. Our muskets were leveled—muskets that, for all but him, knew not how to miss. I, who can bring the leaping squirrel from the top of the highest tree with a single shot, fired at this warrior more times than I have fingers. Our bullets killed his horses, knocked the war bonnet from his head, pierced his clothes, but 'twas in vain; a Power mightier far than we shielded him from harm. He can-not be killed in battle. I am old and soon shall be gathered to the great council fire of the Land of the Shades, but ere I go, there is something bids me speak in the voice of prophecy. Listen! Give ear to my words ye who are gathered here. The Great Spirit protects that man and guides his footsteps through the trails of life. He will become the chief of many nations, and when the sun is setting on the remaining few of my people and the game has departed from our forests and streams, a people yet unborn will hail him as the founder of a mighty empire. I have spoken.

WASHINGTON: [*After a pregnant silence.*] Our destinies are shaped by a mighty Power and we can but strive to be worthy of what the Great Spirit holds in store for us. If I must needs have such a lot in life as our Red Brother presages, then I pray that the Great Spirit give unto me those qualities of fortitude, courage, and wisdom, possessed by our Red Brother. I, the friend of the Indian, have spoken.

GRAND SACHEM: The words, Great Warrior, are as the wis-

dom of the ages. Thy trust in the Great Spirit shall ever be thy strength. I go now to take the long trail back to the lodges of my people. [*WASHINGTON and the SACHEM grasp hands, then the SACHEM turns away and after a few steps, stops.*] I, the chief of many nations that are fading like yon falling light, salute you. Farewell.

[Followed by his tribesmen, the GRAND SACHEM exits at left, the white men gazing after him.]

ROGERS: [*To WASHINGTON.*] Sir, 'tis strange how impressed I am by the words of the savage. Indeed, his prophecy has deeply moved me.

DR. CRAIK: I, too, feel the power of his words.

CRAWFORD: Mayhap, the Great Spirit controls his tongue.

AMES: Sometimes it so happens.

ROGERS: Can it be possible that the differences between England and these Colonies will eventuate in the forming of an independent nation in this new world?

WASHINGTON: We but ask for our rights.

ROGERS: Must the stupidity of a few separate Britannia and her children? No! No! It cannot be! In a few weeks I will be back in England and there I shall let my voice be heard in protest. Would that I possessed the forceful eloquence of that painted savage that I might impress upon the Ministry the folly of their course!

WASHINGTON: William Pitt and many other Englishmen are friends of the Colonies.

ROGERS: I, too, am a friend of America. Come what may, I assure you, Sir, that this sword will never be drawn against those who fight for Liberty.

WASHINGTON: 'Tis such as you, Sir, who gives us hope that the breach between the Motherland and her Colonies will be healed.

AMES: [*Coming to the front.*] Men, three cheers for Colonel Washington and Colonel Rogers.

MEN: Huzzah! Huzzah! Huzzah!

CURTAIN

ANNOUNCEMENTS

Attention is called to the following dramatic material, published by the United States George Washington Bicentennial Commission.

1. GEORGE WASHINGTON PAGEANTS AND PLAYS—a bibliography of all George Washington plays and pageants, with a short synopsis of each, published by the Commission, and a descriptive list of dramatic material on the subject of George Washington, available from publishers throughout the country.

2. GEORGE WASHINGTON COSTUME BOOKLET—a booklet describing the civilian dress and military uniforms of colonial days, with suggestions for costuming plays and pageants.

3. MUSIC FOR PLAYS AND PAGEANTS—including concert pieces, dances, marches and miscellaneous music of the Washington period, together with suggestions as to the adaptability of such music for specific occasions.

4. PAGEANTS AND PLAYS for Bicentennial occasions. (See pamphlet "George Washington Pageants and Plays" for complete list.)

YOUR DRAMATIC PROGRAM

The Commission requests that two copies of any George Washington pageant or play given at any place in the United States or in foreign countries, be sent to the Pageant and Play Department, United States George Washington Bicentennial Commission, Washington Building, Washington, D. C., that the programs may be placed in the Government archives.

It is urged that not only the auspices and the place of presentation—indoor or outdoor—be printed upon the program, but also the date and the name of the city or town and the State.

GEORGE WASHINGTON ONE-ACT PLAYS

*(Full synopses of these plays are contained in the catalogue,
"George Washington Plays and Pageants," which will be sent
upon request. Further additions will be made to this list.)*

MOTHER AND SON—Depicts young George Washington's early inheritance of manhood and his deep respect for his mother.

THE LURE OF THE SEA—Based on incident of George Washington giving up a fond desire—the career of a midshipman.

A YOUTH OF THE FRONTIER—Portrays George Washington in the role of a young surveyor among the "squatters" on the frontier.

MATCHING WITS—Revolves about Major Washington's trip to Fort Le Boeuf to warn the French to leave the territory.

VINDICATED—Though certain aristocrats accuse Washington of cowardice for withdrawing from Fort Necessity, he is fully vindicated.

I FOLLOW WASHINGTON—A dramatic page from history dealing with General Braddock's disastrous march on Fort Duquesne.

THAT IS MY ANSWER—Reveals how Washington defeats an intrigue set afoot to make him a Tory leader.

THE INDIAN'S PROPHECY—On the shores of the Great Kanawha an Indian Sachem foretells a great future for George Washington.

WASHINGTON GOES IN—Washington's mastery and influence make possible the sending of Virginia delegates to the Continental Congress.

WASHINGTON TAKES THE RISK—Despite the warning counsel of Lord Fairfax, Washington determines to serve the Colonial cause.

THE CRISIS AT YORKTOWN—Victory—a dreadful uncertainty, until the flag of truce is seen waving over the besieged British camp.

THE DOMINANT FORCE—Certain foreign agents are thwarted in their efforts to align President Washington with the large States.

HAPPINESS DAY—An atmosphere play concerning Martha Washington's observance of her wedding anniversary after the death of the President.

THE BLUE GOBLET—George and his brother Lawrence attend a meeting of the "Beefsteak and Tripe Club" in the Barbados, where George frustrates a plot to poison the host.

UNITED STATES GEORGE WASHINGTON
BICENTENNIAL COMMISSION

WASHINGTON BUILDING

WASHINGTON, D. C.

*To Commemorate the Two Hundredth Anniversary
of the Birth of George Washington.*

FATHER OF THE LAND WE LOVE

Written for the
AMERICAN PEOPLE

By George M. Cohan

CHORUS

First in War, first in Peace, First in the hearts of his coun-try - men That is the
sto - ry of Washing - ton, That is the glo-ry of Wash - ing - ton, His spir-it is here.
His spir-it is here. He's stand-ing, com-mand-ing a - bove. In word and
deed we fol-low the lead of the Fa-ther Of the land we love. Love, love, love.

Father Of The Land We Love. 2

Learn to sing the chorus of this great patriotic song.